

The Times.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

VOL. II. NO. 9.

GREENSBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1857.

[WHOLE NO. 60.]

ORIGINAL.

The Winter is Passing Away.

BY ERNEST MULLER DEMENT.

Yes, the chilly old winter
Is passing away,
And the beautiful spring-time
Will soon lend its ray
To the earth that is frozen
And lifeless to-day.

The warm sun will shine on it,
And sweet showers fall,
Till the grass in the meadow
Grows laughing and tall;
'Till a sweet scented fragrance
Doth mingle with all.

Then the heart of the widow
And poor orphan boy
Will thrill with joy,
Attending their joy,
To think that the winter
Has ceased to destroy.

To know that the spring-time
Is coming, and near,
When they will be happy
And free from all fear
Of the cold winds of winter,
That fretted each year.

When they weep in their sorrow,
Or that which is theirs—
O'er a lot that is lonely,
And laden with care,
Though they bend them and humbly
To goodness and prayers.

Then the old man, with silver
White locks, will be glad,
So long he's been in doors,
And feeble and old,
Thinking over the other
Bright days he has had.

Then the heart of the lover,
More loving will grow,
While the words of his language,
More sweetly will flow,
For true love is a flower,
Whose nature's a glow.

Then the sweet little children
May gambol and play
Over each and through valley,
Each sunny day,
And laugh and be merry,
And sport and be gay.

Yes, the chilly old winter
Is passing away,
And the beautiful spring-time
Will soon lend its ray
To the earth that is frozen
And lifeless to-day.

Detroit, Michigan, Feb. 1857.

MUSIC.

BY W. H. HANSEN, M. D. OF GA.

NUMBER III.

I think you will learn the elementary
principles of music more easily if I take
you to the keys of a Piano than in any
other way, unless I could parade before you
a series of musical diagrams; which I can-
not do. Walk up then, every one of you,
to the Piano.

You see that row of keys. It is called
the keyboard. Some keys, you notice,
are white, the others black. At one place
you see two black keys in a group, and at
another three. That is perfectly plain.

Thus the black keys are arranged all over
the keyboard of a Piano, Melodeon, Or-
gan, &c. You will note that immediately
below the two black keys, i. e. to the left
of them, two white keys lie close together
with no black one between them. (There
is a great deal of meaning in this arrange-
ment of the keys—don't forget my rule.)

Well, the first white key below the two
black ones is called C. "Always called so?"
Yes, always; that is its name, it has
no other, learn it here, and you have it
for all time, and for all music, vocal or
instrumental. The next white key, going
to the right, is called D, the next E, the
next F, and E and F lie close together,
with no black key between the next
G, A, B, and then C again. You see you
have called seven letters, C, D, E, F, G,
A, and B. These seven letters are used
everywhere to represent the seven elemen-
tary sounds of music. You may call them
as they occur in the alphabet, A, B, C, D,
E, F, G; or call them C, D, E, F, G,
A; or C, D, E, F, G, A, B; or D, E, F,
G, A, B, C; or E, F, G, A, B, C, D; or
F, G, A, B, C, D, E; or G, A, B, C, D,
E, F. And by the way, you perceive that
these seven letters can be made to occupy
several different positions.

Now strike a white key called C—better
strike a C about the middle of the key-
board, or one to the left of it—strike it
quickly, and sing the same sound it makes.
You may call that sound *One, Do, Fa,*
Ah, or just make the sound without calling
it anything; *Jo, Bo, Ho, or Ro,* would be
as good a name to call it by as any other;
but call it C; then strike the next key
and call it D; so keep on from C to B,
striking every key in succession and sing-
ing every sound. Now you have sung and
played all the seven elementary sounds in
music. The next key above B is always
C; and the distance from any key to an-
other of the same name above it, or below
it, is called an octave, that is, an interval
of eight degrees: thus from C to C is an
octave, from B to B is an octave; and so
of all the rest. If you count the keys of
a Piano, you will find 6 or 7 octaves;
count and see; still there are no more than
seven elementary sounds; but in some
octaves these sounds are pitched very high,
so high you cannot sing them; in others
they are too low for you; in others they
suit your voice exactly.

The Great Author of your being has
given you not only a singular musical ap-
paratus, but a curious hearing arrange-
ment; which I aim to explain by-and-by.
But to your singing machine:

You are, every moment, consciously or
unconsciously inhaling and exhaling atmo-
spheric air thro' your nose and mouth.
This air is, or ought to be, drawn down
into the very smallest ramifications of the
air tubes that pervade the lungs; where it
not only acts as a purifier of the blood,
(oxygenizing and decarbonizing it) but it
is thence set in motion by the muscular
apparatus of the chest, and sent in waves
to the top of the wind-pipe (*trachea*).

That enlargement at the top of your trachea
is called the *glottis*. In it, spread over
its surface, are small fleshy bodies called
chordæ musculæ, (musical chords.) Here,
then, is your heaven-made harp, i. e. in
your glottis. On this you play all sorts of
tunes. "From grave to gay, from gentle
to severe," modifying the sounds with
teeth, and tongue, and palate, and lips,
and roof of mouth. By this the human
heart has been soothed of its sorrows, from
the days of Jubal to the present hour.

Tyrants, as James II of England, have
felt its power, even to the loss of their guilty
thrones. And who that has looked at
all into French history, can ever forget the
terrible power of the *Marseillaise*, (the
world-renowned Marseilles Hymn) as it
rolled like a dreadful earthquake from the
throats of fifteen millions of excited men
and women, prostrating before it the No-
bility, the bloody hierarchy of Rome, and
the old dynasty of France, which had lived
on triumphantly from the days of Clovis
to those of Louis XVI?

More at next meeting.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HISTORICAL REVERIES.

BY NATALIE.

NUMBER II.

JOSEPHINE.

Again I am a dreamer—far back into
the misty past my thoughts are wandering;
they have left their wintry home, where
they have been sighing mournfully, and the
sunlight faintly smiling, and sought the
clime of the sun; beautiful Martinique,
the childhood home of Josephine. * * *

The warm summer sun hath folded his
cloud-mantle of purple and gold around
him, and is sinking wearily to his evening
rest in the cool waves of the Caribbean sea,
whose blue waters on which the shadow of
Columbus's sail once rested. A fair creole
child is standing on the shell-decked beach,
watching that sun's dying splendor; and
dark eyes reveal a world of feeling, and
her slight form a world of grace; the ful-
fillment of the wildest dreams of the beau-
tiful could not surpass my first vision of
Josephine, as she stood there, that evening
hour with the halo of sunlight on her brow.

Again it is the time when the radiant
light, ere dying, cast a golden chain of
beams o'er the land and sea. The stately
palm is waving its plumed head gracefully
to the evening breeze, and the tall fig,
with its shining leaves, is casting cool shad-
ows. A group of laughter-loving girls are
bending around the form of an aged ne-
gress, who, with prophetic voice, is an-
nouncing their future destiny. By those
dark eyes almost spiritual in their softness,
but that slight form whose every attitude is
grace, by that low voice whose tremulous
sounds are melody, I recognize Josephine.
Her tiny hand is eagerly extended to meet
the old Nelly's eye, whilst thoughts of the
Past, and thoughts of the Future, are blend-
ing sweet memories and bright hopes har-
moniously together; she is thinking of her
life's destiny—perchance of the *young*
Creole Lover who with her had often watch-
ed the fading sunlight, and gathered for her
the gorgeous blossoms of Martinique. Ah,
young dreamer, thou must waken from
that love-dream;—it may be very beautiful,
dearer than any thy coming life may know,
but neither its beauty, nor its truth, can
make it immortal,—it must fade away;—
for even now that old Nelly's eye is tracing
in thy open palm, mysterious characters,
a kingdom and a crown, "and thou shalt
be queen of France, Josephine."

Five long years, with their freight of
sorrow, hath gone down the ocean of time.
The stream of girlhood hath been trans-
formed into that of womanhood, and by the
side of the handsome Beauharnais, stands
Josephine, a bride. And ne'er did *orange*
blossoms wreath, or bridal veil conceal, a
more exquisite brow. * * *

In the most brilliant circles of Europe,
I next behold Josephine, by the rare grace
of her manner, and the rich purity of her
heart, winning all who come within the
circle of her magic influence, reigning al-
most as truly queen, as when years after-
wards, the glittering crown of France was
placed by Pius the Seventh, on her brow.
But amid all the splendor and gaiety that
surrounded her, there was one sorrow that
cast its shadow on her pathway, one hope,
one wish; that her fond heart yearned to
have fulfilled; a change had passed over
the love of Beauharnais, and the cold word
and the averted eye were but the outer
signs of the heart's estrangement. * * *

"Twas the commencement of that mighty
revolution, which shook France with its
earthquake power, and with volcanic fury,
made every throne in Europe to tremble;
which poured forth the blood of the no-
blest sons and daughters of France, and
saw them all alike, one destiny, the
scaffold and the grave. And that same
revolution which made imperishable, the
lofty heroism of *Maria Antoinette*, the
genius and enthusiasm of *Madam Roland*,
and the vengeance of *Charlotte Corday*,
also covered with glory the name of Alex-
ander de Beauharnais, and in the once gay
place of the Luxembourg, now converted
into a gloomy prison, he had come with
no fault, or crime save love of France, a
while to linger—then to hear his doom,
and die.

There is a flower of exquisite beauty
and delicate perfume, which the warm-
loving breath of summer can never waken
into life, but at every *kiss of the breeze*,
and every *tear-drop of the shower*, it hides
deeper into the cold earth. But when the
storm winds are wailing, and the cold snow
is falling, that flower comes forth in its
peerless beauty to brighten, to gladden,
and to cheer. And there are human hearts
like unto this flower, and such was the
heart of Beauharnais. In the summer of
Josephine's life, she wooed, but wooed him
in vain,—but when the *winter time of sor-
row* came, his love in all its rich abun-
dance, was lavished upon her, casting a
brighter radiance from that prison home,
than had pale ever knew. Ah, there
was need for love, and hope, and courage
then; for the dark hours were gathering
around Josephine, and her cherished home
of love and hope where her *dear* children
died, and where her *dear* husband's chil-
dren prayed for their captive Father, must
be exchanged for the convent of the Car-
melites, with its memories of blood and
martyrs. There was a shadow o'er her
young life, but there was gathering a dark-
er shadow now. * * *

In an obscure spot in Paris in the Faux-
bourg, St. Antoine, stood the guillotine,
and on a gloomy July morning, in a com-
mon cart, surrounded by doomed men like
himself, Beauharnais reached the fatal
place of execution. With a firm heart and
an unwavering patriotism he had joyfully
come to die, and in his own beautiful words,
to ennoble the scaffold by that martyrdom
to freedom. * * *

"Sunrise was slanting on the city gates
rosy and beautiful," and wide the prison
doors were thrown, and loud was heard the
cry of *Liberty*; and Josephine is free.
Like her own beloved France, she cometh
forth in mourning garb, with tearful eye
and saddened heart, weeping for the pure,
the beautiful, the lost—mourning for the
Husband and Father who had fallen. Ah,
courage, Josephine! Like France, thy
suffering and sorrow shall all be forgotten,
in the greatness and glory of the Future,
and the tide of time is fast bearing thee
on to the fulfillment of that prophetic utter-
ance years ago in thy island home of Mar-
tinique. Then courage, *courage*, Josephine.

From beneath the clouds of changeable
March, the gorgeous sun broke gloriously,
and lovingly smiled upon Josephine as she
cast aside her mourning robes, and decked
herself in bridal array for the new made
general of the army in Italy, *Napoleon*
Bonaparte, he who, in the eloquent lan-
guage of Gillilan, was France's glory and
ruin, and nature's pride and shame. And
now, love and hope have twined their gold-
en links around the brow of Josephine,
and she is happy, sharing in the glory of
Napoleon's brilliant honors, and fondly
dreaming of the time when every heart in
France, should hold him dear, and fortune
crown him as her favorite. * * *

But the ambition of Bonaparte could
not be satisfied by unparalleled victories,
nor even the dignity of the Consulate, the
throne the revolution destroyed is restor-
ed again to France, and the crown the
Bourbons lost is glittering on the Conquer-
or's brow. * * *

It was a gay and brilliant scene which
the royal city of Paris presented on the
morning of the 2nd of December, for it
was the day that completed Josephine's
greatness and made her Empress of France.

It was high noon, and the winter's sun
cast innumerable shadows of gaudy color-
ing from the richly stained panes of *Notre*
Dame, and the grand organ sent its rich
hallowing tones, through the vaulted roof,
as it pealed forth the glorious anthem of
the *Te Deum*. And now, low, kneeling,
with clasped hands and downcast eyes, into
whose dark depths, a more radiant light
was stealing, Josephine received the jew-
eled diadem of France, blazing with many
a diamond,—her every feature, breathing
the deep unclouded fullness of bliss, for
she saw not the dim shadow that rested on
the rosy wings of joy.

One golden ringed year hath flown a-
way, and we pass to the magnificent cere-
monial at Milan, where, amidst the blaze
of beauty, and the flash of jewels, and en-
trancing strains of music, Josephine knelt
at the feet of Napoleon, and received from
his hand the *new crown of Charlemagne*,

which for a "thousand years had reposed
in the treasury of Monza." Did the pomp
and circumstance of that scene and the
glory of that crown satisfy thy loving heart,
Josephine? Did no sad vision of the *Fu-*
ture rise up before thee there? when an-
other should claim thy place by the side
of him, the loving and beloved, and re-
ceive that crown just placed upon thy
brow? Ah, dim not the sunshine of the
Present by the rising clouds of the Future,
for Life at best is but a sunbeam and a
shade.

The same December sun, which, a few
short years ago, had carpeted with many a
rainbow tint, the "long drawn aisles" of
Notre Dame, now shone with a pale sor-
rowful gleam over the grand saloon of the
Tuilleries, and those same noble Lords and
Ladies who then had listened to the "va-
luptuous swell" of music, now heard the
convulsive sob of anguish. "Twas the con-
summation of the divorce of Josephine, and
my pen almost refuses to record the agony
of that day, and my heart throbs deeper
and deeper as visions of Napoleon and
Josephine pass before me.

Of Napoleon who had gazed on many a
battle scene with undimmed eye and un-
changed cheek, now pale as sculptured
marble, and seemingly as lifeless as the
pillar against which he leaned for support.
Of Josephine, whose soft eyes "once
looked love to eyes that spoke again," and
whose pure heart knew no throbs save hap-
piness, the light of those eyes now dimmed
by tears, and the fond heart almost crush-
ed with its burden of agony, as it witnessed
that death of Love.

One moment and the tears are forced
back, and the breaking heart is calm, and
the rich voice faltered not as Josephine
responded to those words, that unclasped
the golden links of love, and gave a thrill
of agony sharper than the pang of death.

O'er the blushing flowers and the grand
old trees of Malmaison, an early summer's
sun was pouring a flood of liquid gold
light, and the joyous breeze whispered
lovingly, and the free glad birds sent up
many a gush of melody, as they carolled
their matin lay.

'Twas the last hour, and the death angel
stood by Josephine, but he had come in
none of his terrors, there was not even a
shadow on his wing. Gently as a "night's
repose" he closed the loving eyes, and fold-
ed the white hands o'er the still heart,—
and there *was mourning* over the beau-
tiful hand of France, for one pure spirit,
of whose lot on earth was a strange commin-
gling of joy and woe, had freed its mortal
chains, and sought its *Home of Love*.

Farewell, Josephine! My heart is full,
and my eyes are heavy with unshed tears
for thee, "who didst ne'er cause one tear
to flow."

TO A ANONYMOUS LETTER.

From "Hops Drops from Memory's Urn."

BY S. C. C. WHITTELEY.

Pale messenger from stranger hands!
Thou bringest in thy glossy folds,
A mystery so deeply strange,
I scarce can welcome thee! And yet
There is a sadness in thy silent voice,
That wakens in my trembling soul,
A kindly sympathy, and sendeth back
A gush of feeling to my heart.
Thou dost breathe memory with its deep,
Thou' tell'st me of broken hopes
And faded joys, that ne'er again
May bloom on Love's death-blighted stem!
I cannot, would not turn away
From thy still voice, thou pale unknown,
But trace upon thy silken leaf,
One little line—go bear to him
Thy burden—It is given.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Our first love.

INSPIRED BY JAMES CRICKS-HANES, JR.

BY S. M. SMITH.

Sat our Katie, bonnie Katie, on the burnside
Threading gowns, twining daisies for her
sunny, curling hair.

Light the breeze play'd o'er her forehead,
Came there from her dainty red lip little gush-
es of sweet song.

"Why sit I idling, little Katie, threading gowns
all the day?"

"Just they're bonnie, Phil, my laddie, all the
Katie deigned to say.

"Little Katie, when you are a woman, then
Will you lo'e your Highland laddie? she smil-
ing said 'I danna ken!"

"Time is flying wee bit Katie, will you lo'e me
e'en the same?"

"I'm no blessing, Phillip Allan, naething save
the blessed daisies!"

"For yestreen a shining suddenly came to my
side
And said 'Katie, come dear Katie, with the
blessed ones to bide!"

And I'm going, danna greet mam! willna
Katie lo'e you still?"

Oh! you'll come upon the burnside, list the
whirr of Kellie Mill.

And you'll sometimes think of Katie, Katie
whom you used to love,
And I'll bless you, Phil, my laddie, from my
star-let home above.

Years have flown. There, on the burnside, is a
daisy covered hill.
Rika drooping bud and blossom tells me Katie
you are dead.

I can see you many the daisies, Katie, tread-
ing gowns still;
I can hear—my own heart beating and the
whirr of Kellie Mill.

Reading, Mass.

PRIZE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE MADCAP

AND

HER COUSINS.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

CHAPTER III.

Sickness.

Watching in breathless awe,
The bright head bowed they saw.

It was on the Saturday evening prece-
ding the Sabbath of which I have been
writing, that returning from the village
Post Office, Englebert found his sisters and
cousin and Dellwood seated on the piazza,
conversing socially in the cool of the twi-
light.

"Well, brother," said Agatha, "what's
the news? did you get any letters?"

"One for Di, from grandmother," was
his reply as he handed it to the young girl,
and as for the news I did hear something
rather strange."

"What is it?" cried Agatha, "oh, I
would like to hear something new, wouldn't
you, Grace?"

Her sister made no reply—and indeed
had said nothing for the last half hour,
during which Dellwood had been beside
her talking with animation to what he
considered a very attentive listener, not
being aware that Grace was totally uncon-
scious of his near vicinity, so entirely
wrapped was she in her own sad thoughts.

Englebert now glanced towards her, and
believing that she was really interested in
her new lover, and that he had been strange-
ly mistaken in supposing that there had
been any thing more than friendship be-
tween her and Rutherford, now thought
he might speak out plainly.

"Well, sisters mine, I was told this
evening that our good pastor—"

Grace slightly started—"was about to
lead to the altar the gay and fascinating
widow Bently."

"Is it possible?" cried all but Grace,
who neither spoke nor moved as the blow
descended upon her agonized heart, crush-
ing out every feeling but that of a dull,
dead, sickening pain. The deepening
twilight hid from all the deadly pallor of
her countenance, and one low, gasping sigh
went to her cousin alone, who chanced to
be nearest to her, the tale of a breaking
heart.

"Yes," continued Englebert, "it is so
reported—and it is likely to be true, for
she is constantly at the parsonage, and
they are often seen together."

"I have some doubts of that story,"
said Di, speaking more seriously than was
her wont, "I don't believe Mrs. Bently is
the woman to suit a man like Rutherford."

"Nor I," said Agatha.

"I can't agree with you, ladies," re-
marked Dellwood quietly, "I know Mrs.
Bently well, and think her a most estim-
able lady. Had it not been for her," he
continued, addressing Grace, "I should
not have had the felicity of knowing you."

The pale girl started as she heard the
sound of his voice, and for the first time
seemed to be aware of his close proximity.
Suddenly rising, she murmured something
not distinct enough to be understood and
made a step towards the hall door.

"Do not leave us, Miss Ryefield," cried
Dellwood, "behave us out of the light of
your presence—utter darkness will fall up-
on us if you leave us, sweet lady."

These were not words of mere compli-
ment, they came from a sincere heart, for
Dellwood was naturally an impulsive,
warm-hearted man, and devoted as he was
to Grace, he could hardly bear to have
her out of his presence.

"Don't go, Grace," said Agatha.

"Excuse me—my head aches," *Heart*
she meant; and Grace entered the house,
where she was soon followed by her sister
and cousin. The young man remained a
short time on the piazza, and then Dell-
wood returned to his present abode, the
residence of Dr. Mauveline, who was his
cousin.

Anson Dellwood was a Southerner, and
owned a plantation in Virginia. He
was a man of some education, of an ardent,
impulsive nature, a quiet disposition, and
as the ladies said of him, was a gallant
sort of a fellow. He had been quite fas-
cinated with the gay widow, but was pas-
sionately enamoured of the dignified, high-
souled Grace Ryefield. She was the only
woman that had ever approached his ideal,
and now that he had found her, he was
determined to win her if possible. He
was entirely unaware of the state of things
between her and Rutherford, had the truth
been known to him, he would have been too
generous, too honourable to endeavor to
supplant the young minister. As it was,
he lost no opportunity to gain her esteem,
and flattered himself that she looked on
him with favor, when the truth was, that

Grace had not any idea of his intentions,
her mind being entirely preoccupied with
her own deep heart-sorrow.

It was now about the middle of May,
and the Island was as blooming as a beau-
tiful maiden in her teens; but though the
flowers blossomed and the birds sang and
the streams flowed clearly on their winding
way, there were two hearts at least, that
did not appreciate these things as they had
done of old. No; all Nature wore a som-
bre and melancholy look to their eyes, and
while others were glad and gay, they re-
mained plunged in the shadows of their
sorrow.

About this time, Angelica Bently be-
came suddenly ill, and in the ravages of a
fever, called continually for her friend
Rutherford. Mrs. Bently, while she had
a mother's fears and solicitudes, was se-
cretly glad of the opportunity of send-
ing for him, and very soon availed herself
of it.

It was evening when the minister ar-
rived. Angelica lay on a white canopied bed,
the soft light of a shaded lamp falling up-
on her countenance, which was now quite
pallid, as her fever had greatly subsided.
But she was so weak that she spoke only
in a whisper—and a glad smile broke up-
on her lips as she recognized her friend.

"My dear child," said he, taking the
hand she held out to him, "I regret to see
you so ill."

"I'm better now," she whispered,
"the Doctor says so."

"Sweet girl!" said the mother to Ruth-
erford, "she was so low yesterday that I
was terribly alarmed. She called incess-
antly for you, Mr. Rutherford—she loves
you so much."

The widow spoke in a tender tone and
her bright eyes rested lovingly upon the
young man's face. But he turned from
her to her child saying, "I trust you will
soon recover, dear Angelica. Yet should
it please God to take you from us, do you
feel resigned to his will?"

The sick child folded her little hands
together, and raising her eyes, said in a
soft whisper, "yes; I love God and Heaven.
I will gladly go when He calls. After
a while you'll be there, Mr. Rutherford,
and mama too. Oh, yes, I'd love to go
to Heaven."

Tears stood in the eyes of the young
divine, and Mrs. Bently sobbed aloud.

"Blessed child!" murmured Ruth-
erford, "may you remain many years upon
earth to gladden the lives of your friends."

"My daughter, my daughter," cried
the widow, "how should I exist without
you? oh, no, you must not, must not die."

"Mr. Rutherford," again whispered
that sweet voice, "pray for me."

He complied—and Mrs. Bently knelt be-
side him at Angelica's bedside. Deep
and fervent was the petition to the Most
High for the restoration of the sick girl, a
petition that was heard and granted ere
many days.

When the minister was retiring, the
widow, inquiring after the health of Aunt
Jessie, whom she saw every day, observed
smilingly.

"I should think Mr. Rutherford you
would be quite lonely in that roomy old
house, with no one but your aunt. Why
don't you get married?"

He started—and after a moment, re-
plied, "I shall never marry."

"Why not? You should get the exam-
ple to your congregation? Apropos, I pre-
sume you know we are to have a wedding
soon?"

"Whose?" in a sinking voice.

"Miss Ryefield and Anson Dellwood."

"Ah!" It was all he attempted to
utter.

He walked towards the hall door. She
followed him.

"And so you really think no one could
ever tempt you to marry, no one?" she
said with a smile and an insinuating glance
at the young man's troubled face.

Plainly perceiving her drift and wish-
ing to silence her forever, Rutherford re-
plied in a cold, stern voice, "madam, you
forget your sick child. Let your time be
spent in looking to her welfare and hap-
piness—with mine you have nothing to do,
nor will you ever."

Mrs. Bently understood him—and with
an angry flash of her dark, bold eyes,
merely replied in a voice of smothered
passion, "be it so."

"Well, what do you want?" she cried, drawing in her head.

Dolly, having come up, stopped too, puffing like a locomotive.

"O, I'm nearly killed," gasped Fred. "I'll get off—"

"No, no, don't! We'll go back immediately. Why, it's nothing when you get used to it."

"I suppose not—oh, I expect not."

"She's very quiet, I'm sure."

"Yes, very quiet," gasped Fred, pulling his cap over his eyes with one hand, while the other still grasped the saddle, "oh, dear! how quiet we all are!"

Di was delighted. He was getting used—he could get used—she began to have a better opinion of him. But, she was not done with him yet.

"Let us go home, then, come!" and turning her horse, she shyly gave Dolly a smart cut of her whip, and away went the whole posse like the sweep of an avalanche.

"If you've got a wild horse," said Di, keeping alongside of her companion, who never looked up a moment, "Just let him run till he'll soon quiet him."

"Ye-es, I should think—so. Cant you—"

"Faster? to be sure. Hi! Tom, Hi!"

"Hold on! Di-i-i!"

No use. None so deaf as those who won't hear. Wild Tom flew and Dolly did her best. It was a sight.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed, up flew the windows all, and every soul cried out, "well done!"

As loud as he could, bawled.

And it was well done—for when Di drew up at her uncle's gate, Dolly and her clinging rider were but a short distance in the rear. Fred slid from the saddle nearly about to pieces, and without a word took his way home, not turning his head, although Di laughingly called to him to stop a while. It was a long time before he came into her presence again.

That evening as Agatha was returning in the twilight from making a call on her friend Carol Mandeville, she saw, as she ran gaily up the gravel walk, her brother sitting alone on the piazza. His book was towards her, and as he remained perfectly quiet, she concluded he was, taking an evening nap. Being in a gay mood and thinking to give him a surprise, she suddenly threw her arms around his neck and pressed a warm kiss on his forehead.

He started and turned around. In a moment the young girl's face was burning with blushes, and she uttered an exclamation of surprise and mortification, for instead of Englebert, it was Dr. Mandeville who looked up with glowing eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Sir, I beg—Pardon me—I thought you were my brother!"

He rose and taking her hand said softly, "there is no harm done, dear Agatha; you have done nothing to be ashamed of."

"But," he added with a smile, while his eyes rested thrillingly upon hers, "I cannot remain in your debt—allow me to repay you."

"Oh, no, no, I'm so sorry. What must you think of me?" said the trembling girl shrinking from him.

Silently placing her hand within his arm, he gently drew her from the piazza to the shaded walks of the garden, and then whispered softly, "I rejoice at your mistake, dear girl, for it has given me an opportunity to say what has long lain unspoken in my bosom—Agatha, I love you. Why, how this little hand trembles! Speak, dear one, is my love returned?"

She was silent, but suffered him to place his arm around her and draw her close to his side.

"You don't say so—then I may believe that you love me—that you will be mine?"

Blushing deeply and trembling more than ever, Agatha replied in the faintest of whispers, "yes."

"Let me return your kiss, then, dear girl." And as she made no resistance, he took from her easy, putting lips, love's first delicious, rapturous caress.

Fifteen minutes afterwards, the engaged lovers joined the family group on the pleasant piazza, where, as usual of late, was Anson Dellwood, seated, or lingering near his heart's idol, whose pale, pensive face grew every day more calm and spiritual, for she had resigned the earthly love, and given up her trust to heaven, therefore peace sat enthroned upon her gentle brow.

After an hour's converse, Englebert proposed an equestrian party for the next afternoon. "You'll go, of course, cousin Di?"

"Oh, of course," she replied.

"And Gattie, and Grace—"

"Not me," said Grace, "I seldom ride. You know I never cared for it, therefore I must be excused."

"As you wish sister mine," returned Englebert, "well, doctor, you'll go?"

"O, yes," replied the gentleman addressed, glancing at Agatha.

"That's four of us," continued Englebert, "Carol will be the fifth—we must have another gentleman. Won't you volunteer, Mr. Dellwood?"

"If Miss Ryefield will allow me to accompany her?" he returned, looking at Grace.

"No, no, thank you—go, Mr. Dellwood—I do not wish to."

"I decline then," was that gentleman's rejoinder, "you must find some other."

"Fred?" cried Englebert, laughing, "eh, Di?"

"Suppose we hunt up the poor fellow, cousin," said Agatha, with a smile, "you must have a beau, any way, Di."

But Miss Hunter had suddenly grown quite sulky, and retorted in a voice which was not over amiable, "If I could send to accompany you, I'm quite competent to

take care of myself—I need no loan of any description."

"Well spoken, cousin mine!" returned Englebert, "so let it be."

Mrs. Ryefield now called them into the house, fearing lest the night air should injure Grace, for whose health of late she began to have a mother's solicitude; and shortly after, Dellwood and Mandeville departed.

For some days past, Englebert had shown a decided interest in Carol Mandeville, who was certainly not pretty, but rather noble looking, and extremely composed and quiet in her manners. She accepted Englebert's attentions with hesitation, not because she had more than friendly regard for him, but rather that he was agreeable and gentlemanly, and her brother's friend.

Englebert's attentions to Carol, had not escaped the eyes of his family, especially those of Agatha and Diana, the latter wondering if said attentions were serious, and then asking herself, what if they were?

However, Di was not one to trouble herself concerning things over which she had no control, and therefore prepared herself for the projected ride, with a careless heart and a merry song on her lips. Di had the gift of a poetic soul, but seldom gave her dreamings vent in verse. When she did, they were breathed in a song fresh from her pure, sweet lips, a song that went thrilling to the hearts of those that heard it—a siren song, that enchanted the most guarded ear.

To day, Miss Hunter seemed to her cousins to be somewhat preoccupied; and when she was assisted on her horse by Wash, she provoked the laughter of Agatha and Mandeville, by saying, "thank you, cousin Bertie!" and then blushed at herself, as Wash sidled away chuckling and grinning from ear to ear. Englebert had gone for Carol, and was now returning, accompanied by the young lady. As soon as they had joined the others, all started off at a canter, kissing their hands to Grace and Mrs. Ryefield who stood on the piazza watching them depart.

Agatha and Carol were graceful and ladylike equestrians, in fact riding as well as most women do, but Di, the darling-souled, spirited Di, appeared as much at her ease, and sat on her fiery bounding steed with as much dignity as a queen on her throne. She rode for a few minutes at the side of Agatha, then with a bound again leaped forward, curvetted a moment near Englebert and Carol, and shot ahead like an arrow from a cross-bow. A turn of the road hid her from view, and Mandeville observed, "our young friend is extremely independent—she doesn't seem to care whether she is in our company or not."

"Oh," returned Agatha, "that's just her way. She's the most eccentric creature—don't let us mind her. Here! now we have turned this corner, there she is, walking her horse as quietly as if he was not as wild as Bucephalus himself."

"Why are you so absent minded, to day?" asked Carol of her companion.

"You don't look at me, nor speak to me, but your eyes are continually following the movements of our incomparable Di Hunter. I'm very plain spoken, friend Englebert," continued the young lady with a smile, as he started and looked around, "tell me, are you in love with your madcap cousin?"

"I ha! ha!" and he laughed, "I, my dear Carol? you must be dreaming."

"O, not at all—I was never more wide awake!" laughed his fair companion.

"You can't make me believe that those wondrous black eyes have not made havoc in your heart, my good friend."

Englebert shook his head seriously, but made no reply, and they now joined Miss Hunter, who addressed her cousin with, "Bertie, shan't we have a race and a leap? this is too monotonous."

The road hitherto had been along a shaded line, and now opened into a broad highway, skirted by a tract of woodland.

"I have no objection, cousin Di, but where shall we find a leap?"

"O, that's not difficult. About half a mile ahead the road turns, you know, and just as you come to the turn there is a three-railed fence enclosing a pasture field. That's but a small leap."

"Well, well; lead the way—what you dare do, I dare."

Di settled herself in her saddle and called to the others to follow, but they preferred to ride at a slower pace; so, shaking their bridles reins Miss Hunter and her cousin galloped off at full speed, keeping side by side until they neared the fence aforesaid, when Di's horse sprang fearlessly and gallantly over it, and Englebert's attempting to follow, awkwardly caught himself on the upper rail, and struggling to get free, fell over on his knees, pitching his rider on a heap of stones. Miss Hunter was in the act of turning her steed, when she beheld the accident, and uttering a scream of fright leaped from her saddle and sprang to her cousin's side. He lay motionless where he had fallen, the blood streaming from a gash in his forehead.

Deadly pale was Diana's face and wildly throbbing her heart, as she raised his head and parted the luxuriant hair from the pallid brow of the insensible youth. With a moan of the heart's deepest agony, the young girl murmured to herself, "he is dead, he is dead—and what is life to me?"

The knowledge that she loved him with all the ardor of her soul, had now for the first time burst upon her; now that she seemed dying before her. She clasped her hands together, and looking up to heaven, wildly cried, "Almighty Father, restore him, I implore thee!" When pressing her lips upon his brow, she

murmured again, "dear, dear Bertie!"

Englebert made a slight movement of consciousness, and at the moment, the rest of the party rode up. I must leave you to imagine what followed— suffice it to say that the injured youth was borne home, speechless indeed, but conscious, and Dr. Mandeville remained by him, exerting all his skill to bring about a speedy recovery, which to the joy of his friends, seemed promising.

Carol appeared quite as much concerned on Englebert's account as his own sisters, and came every morning to inquire how he progressed, and to the secret jealousy of Diana, who began to believe that a stronger tie than friendship drew the young girl so continually to her cousin's home during his confinement to the house. With the awakening knowledge of her long dormant passion for Englebert, came the pangs of love unrequited, and the ranking bars of smothered jealousy to her glowing, throbbing heart. The belief that he loved her, or ever dreamed of loving her, never entered her mind—for since her last visit to her uncle's dwelling, her cousin had been more than usually cold in his manner towards her, Carol being the recipient of all his attentions.

Unhappy Di! the "hour that comes but once in a lifetime," had at last come to her—she loved—but it was in vain, and nought was left her now but to "suffer and be strong."

Englebert rapidly convalesced, and in a week's time was able to be about again as usual. His manner towards his cousin was unchanged, but when she was unaware of it, his dark, sunken eyes were fixedly bent upon her with an expression of concern at her pale cheeks and drooping eyelids and her quiet mien—so strange for her!

But Diana knew not this. She had not mounted a horse since the accident—her daily exercise was now taken on foot, alone, and generally in the direction of their last ride. One morning, after the recovery of her cousin, Miss Hunter left the house accompanied by Hector, the house dog, and pursuing her favorite path, at length turned off into the woods. The birds flew through the green boughs above her, which waved in the morning breeze with a sound like that of the far off ocean, singing and twittering as they fed their young, but she heard them not. The wild flowers blossomed gaily in her pathway, flinging their sweets around her, but the young and pensive girl saw and inhaled them not.

Wandering on, scarce conscious of where she trod, Diana came at length to a beautiful crystal spring that issued silently from a moss-covered rock. Hector, with lolling tongue, threw himself down beside the water, looking up in the young girl's face as if to invite her to follow his example. The coolness of the spot seemed partially to awake her from her reverie, and throwing off her bonnet, Diana seated herself upon the stump of a birch tree, and rested silently for a space, the deep shadows of the intermingling boughs falling around her.

Some minutes passed, during which Miss Hunter's black eyes wandered from tree to tree, from the pale wild flowers to the crystal water, where Hector was now cooling his tongue, and from thence to the clear blue sky which gleamed through the branches of the bending trees. Then, as if moved by some impulse of the soul, Diana's lips breathed forth in unmediated song the passionate poetry of her inner being.

Can it be love that warms my cheek,
When e'er thy glances rest on me?
When mid the throng thy form I seek,
Can it be love I feel thee there?

When e'er I see those thrilling eyes
One instant to another rove,
Wild throbbings in my breast arise—
Tell me, my heart, can this be love?

Can it be love that brings a sigh
When e'er I feel thou art not near?
And when again I see thee nigh,
Can it be love that starts the tear?

When others eddily speak thy name—
Thy name, its with my fate involve—
I quell the tremors of my frame
And feel too late, that this is love!

"Ah me!" And the black eyes became veiled by the white lids and their long, silken lashes, as the maiden listlessly reclined against a proud old oak, pulling to pieces a flower as she sang.

Suddenly Hector raised himself and growled, Di started and looked around her. Emerging from a thicket was a man whose face was so covered with red whiskers and moustaches that his features were quite indistinguishable. As he advanced, the stranger took off his slouched hat exposing a head of fiery hair, and bowed with a sort of clownish civility. Di coldly returned his salute, at the same time quieting the dog, who, to her surprise, after smelling around the man, wagged his tail and licked the hand that hung by his side.

"I've lost my way mum," said the stranger bluntly, "kin you tell me where to find the village?"

The young lady pointed out the direction, to which he seemed to pay little heed, keeping while she spoke, a pair of dark, piercing eyes steadily on her face. The look caused her to tremble, she knew not why—it seemed as if she had encountered it before—and Diana began to have some uneasiness, alone as she was in the depth of the wood. Advancing a step nearer, the stranger spoke again:

"Pretty gal, eh! Alone too. Was't you what was singin' just now? By jingo! but you've a voice like a thrush."

"Hector, come here!" was all the trembling girl uttered. She was naturally so brave—she wondered at herself. "Afraid of a man! oh, Di!" was her inward ejaculation. Hector paid no attention, but

kept walking around the stranger, wagging his tail and looking up into his face.

"Won't you sing me another, now?" said he, coaxingly, advancing yet nearer, at whose presence she recoiled; "don't be afraid, my gal! lord, but you're a handsome one—those black eyes 'nd smash a feller's gizzard in less than no time. Say, deary, what's your name?"

"Go on your way, sir, and don't insult an unprotected woman!" sternly replied the young girl, for anger had given her courage.

"Insult you! whew!" whistled the fellow, attempting to take hold of her, "not for anything. But don't be so squeamish, my angel, I won't hurt you."

"Touch me not, you rube man!" cried Di, her eyes flashing fire, and picking as she spoke a stone from the edge of the spring. "If the dog is faithless, I will protect myself. Come no nearer!" And she stood ready to fling the stone in his face. He stood a moment gazing on her with a look of glowing admiration—"well," said he, retreating a few steps, "by jingo! but you're a brave gal—I honor you, by jingo!"

He turned away—and as he proceeded towards the opening of the wood, he looked back and said, "good bye, my gal—I won't forget you!"

Miss Hunter gazed after him until he was out of sight—then heaving a sigh of relief, called to the dog and bent her way out of the wood.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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NOTES ON LITERATURE.

BY GEORGE W. COCHRAN.

NUMBER IV.

JOHN HARRIS, D.D.

My first acquaintance with the Reverend John Harris was made, several years since, by reading his great and masterly work on the Missionary Enterprise, entitled "The Great Commission." Having been accustomed to read, with much zeal, all works within my reach, treating upon, or in any manner, relating to, that class of self-sacrificing, devout, and noble-souled individuals, Missionaries, and the office they filled; the many and serious privations, and sufferings, and distresses which they had undergone, or were compelled to undergo, in the prosecution and accomplishment of their self-imposed duties, and the glorious successes which ultimately crowned their praiseworthy exertions and highly commendable endeavors, in all directions, in scattering abroad the lights and truths of Christianity, and in awakening the benighted heathen of foreign lands, to an appreciative sense of his own moral degradation, and of his responsibility and accountability to the immaculate God, for his manifold blessings,—in acquainting him with the portion of the Divine manifestation that he was to work,—I must confess that I was alike agreeably surprised, and delighted, and instructed by the work under consideration. Modest and unassuming in external appearance, and with the name of an author new to me imprinted upon its title-page,—I am now well aware of the fact that I did not, then, imagine it to be a work of the high order of literary merit, and of almost inestimable value, that I now know it to be. But, taking it up, I soon learned that the first prize of two hundred Guineas offered by "a few friends of the Missionary Enterprise in Scotland," for the best "Essay on the Duty, Privilege and Encouragement of Christians to send the Gospel of Salvation to the Unenlightened Nations of the Earth," had been awarded to it; which fact, alone, was strong presumptive evidence that it was a work of merit. Although that fact does not now cause me to attach a greater degree of value or importance to it than I otherwise should, it may have been partially conducing to my reading it. I read it; and I could then, as now, see good reason for awarding to its author the first prize offered. It is, *par excellence*, immeasurably superior to all other works of a (somewhat) similar nature that it has been my good fortune to read. I was at once favorably impressed with the beautiful and lucid style in which it was written; the depth and purity of thought, and the earnestness and fervor with which they were expressed; the extensiveness and variety of research evincing the force and logical accuracy of his argumentation; the thoroughness with which each topic under discussion was treated; the profound truths which stood forth on each page; the moral sublimity which illuminated the whole work, and the noble Christian virtues, so eloquently and fraternally inculcated. Being master of a clear and perspicuous style, and intimately acquainted with his subject, and with a mind competent to the task,—a man of erudition, with the fear of the Lord in his

heart,—he produced the ablest dissertation upon, and discussion, of Missionaries and Missionary Enterprises, of which we have any knowledge. The reading of this volume thoroughly convinced me that he was a man, possessing a superior order of talent, and otherwise capable of employing his talents to a good purpose.

The next of the works of this eminent theologian that I read was "The Great Teacher," a work devoted to the elucidation of our Lord's Ministry. The object of this work, as the author assures us in his preface, is to point out and illustrate the leading features of his divine instructions; from which it will appear, that he was the best Teacher of his own religion; and that his personal ministry, as recorded in the evangelical history, dwelt on all the essential doctrines of the Christian system, as afterwards explained in the apostolic writings. Vast as is the number of books that have been written upon the momentous theme, and notwithstanding the ability and thoroughness with which it has been treated, there was yet, it seems to me,—owing to the inexhaustibility of the subject,—ample room and occasion for so admirable a production as this. There is sufficient room and occasion for all that enhances our knowledge of God, his attributes and creations, and a moral necessity for the workers and agents of good. And everything which tends to familiarize us with the ministration of Christ, necessarily is in aid of, and renders service to, the cause of Christianity. For this purpose was this book written; and that it is performing the office for which it was created, is strongly evidenced by the extensive circulation it has had, and is having, both in Europe and America. In it are exhibited the same comprehensiveness of view, clearness and accuracy of diction, nobleness of thought and the object to be attained, and marked with the same evidences of profound originality as "The Great Commission."

But, notwithstanding the success that has attended his labors in other departments of literature, the character in which Dr. Harris appears to the greatest advantage, and in which he has achieved the most signal success, and his greatest renown, is that of the writer of Theological Science. In this character, all the natural powers of his comprehensive mind, all the force and energy of his character, and the extensive and varied qualities of his highly-developed intellectual faculties, are brought to bear upon his subject with manifold force and effect. Beneath his critical analysis and the skillfulness and acuteness of his reasonings and logical deductions, nothing escapes his notice or is uninquied into that will, in the least, aid or facilitate the inquiry after Truth, or demonstrate, as far as it is susceptible of demonstration, the truthfulness of a proposition. His mind seems not only to comprehend his subject, as an entirety, but it comprehends it in all its various parts, and traces all the analogies and relations the various constituent parts bear to, and their mutual dependencies upon each other, as well as the relations which each part bears to the constituted whole.

The contributions to Theological Science by Dr. Harris are among the most sterling and lastingly valuable of which the Science can boast. They are by no means controversial in their character, other than, inasmuch as the facts stated, deductions drawn, and positions taken and sustained, without allusion to the arguments of others, may be in conflict therewith. They are works of a permanent and abiding character, as contrasted with the ephemeral works of the day; and they will be read centuries hence with as close attention and warmth of enthusiasm, and with as profitable and pleasing results as at the present time. And, in some respects, he certainly is in advance of his times, and time only will prove the correctness of his theory and deductions.

Owing to the limits of the space allotted to my "Notes," I am necessarily compelled to refrain from taking up and discussing the subject in detail, upon which his books are written, and am confined to the making a few general remarks as to the distinguishing characteristics and individual merits of each separate work; reserving for some elaborate essay upon his life, genius and works.

The first of the series of these excellent books (each, however, is complete in and of itself) is entitled "The Pre-Adamite Earth;" and is divided into five parts. Of these, the first part contains a succinct statement of those Primary Truths which Divine Revelation appears to place at the very foundation of all the objective manifestations of the Deity; the second, presents the Laws and General Principles, which are regarded as logically resulting from the preceding Truths; and the third, fourth, and fifth parts, are occupied with the Exemplification and Verification of these Laws in the inorganic, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms of the Pre-Adamite earth, respectively.

The Creation, its causes, purpose and effect, is a theme of illimitable magnitude, and a theme upon which, learned men have employed their time and talents, since the dawn of civilization. And, certainly, among the very best treatises upon this all-important subject, may be classed "Pre-Adamite Earth," of Dr. Harris. His exposition of the Primary Truths of creation, is clear and luminous, and entitled to an attentive examination. How much soever the reader may choose to differ with him, his opinions are nevertheless worthy of respect and consideration.

"Man Primæval," or, the Constitution and Primitive Condition of the Human Being, is the title of the second volume, and a work of rarer interest can scarcely be found. "The proper study of mankind

is man," said Alexander Pope, and it certainly is a truthful sentiment. The interest with which Dr. Harris invests his subject, and the masterly manner in which he handles it, will have a tendency to increase the ardor with which the student will pursue its study. As a lucid and thorough exponent of primal man's relation to creation and the Creator, and the object of his creation, mission, and destiny, it stands unrivalled in Theological Science. In it, perhaps, Dr. Harris has given the greatest evidence of his superior talents. It will stamp him as one of the boldest and most original thinkers of his age, and will remain a splendid monument of his creative genius.

"Patriarchy; or, the Family: its Constitution and Probation," constitutes the third and last of the series of his contributions to Theological Science, and like the others of the series, it is a production of no ordinary moment. Man in his social relations is the subject of this work, and most ably and fully is discussed. "Man," remarks Carlyle, in his quaint way, "is a gregarious animal,"—sociality is necessary to the unfolding of the individual. Particularly to those about to enter upon the discharge of the duties of active life, will the reading of this valuable work be of inestimable worth. It is the latest production from the pen of this eminent author, and has but recently issued from the press.

For the benefit of those who would wish to procure either or the whole of the works above enumerated, I would remark, in conclusion, that they are beautifully printed, and well-bound in cloth, and retailed at the following prices: The Great Commission, \$1; "The Great Teacher," 85 cents; "Pre-Adamite Earth," 85 cents; "Man Primæval," \$1.25; "Patriarchy," \$1.25. They are published by Messrs. GOLD & LINCOLN, 59 Washington street, Boston, the oldest, and one of the most respectable publishing houses in that city.

* Unfortunately, a serious error crept into my second "Note," which I would here correct. In relation to the price of the work "Archie's 'Cyclopedia of Anecdotes' it should read "In one volume, Royal Octavo, cloth, price \$3, instead of the manner in which it was printed. I hope the reader will pardon the error, and secure the book,—as it is a good one.

Lockport, N. Y.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY CLAUDE.

NUMBER VIII.

CHICAGO.

This "Athens of the West" is situated on both sides of the river of the same name, at its entrance into Lake Michigan, and is the natural centre of trade of the North and North-west; its growth can scarcely be exaggerated by the most sanguine. Possessing commercial advantages superior to any of the western cities, and backed with one of the finest and most productive farming regions on the globe—almost every part of which is penetrated by the iron-horse, her future is beyond the grasp of the most enlarged mind.

The location of the city is extremely level, sufficiently elevated to prevent being overflowed, and extending many miles towards the South and West. The adjacent country consists of beautiful and fertile prairies, interspersed with groves, and diversified by gentle slopes.

The Chicago river and its branches divide the city into three parts,—the main stream flowing directly eastward, is about 200 feet wide, and 15 or 20 ft. deep, forming one of the best harbors on the lake. Vessels ascend the river a distance of five miles. The city is laid out with streets, extending nearly North and South, and East and West.

The shores of the lake are lined with wide and shaded avenues, on which are numerous elegant residences. The principal business is transacted on the South side of the river.

The streets are generally paved with planks and lighted with gas. The city is supplied with water from the lake. The most remarkable public buildings are the new Court House, Merchants' Exchange, Marine Hospital and Medical College. In addition to these it contains sixty-one Churches, seven banks, twenty-five printing offices, fifty-four schools, several markets and extensive manufactures of steam engines, railway cars, reaping and thrashing machines and numerous other manufactures.

The commerce of Chicago is both large and important. It communicates with all ports on the great chain of lakes, and will soon extend to Europe direct. It is also connected with the Mississippi by the Illinois and Michigan Canal.

There are completed and in course of construction fourteen trunk and thirty-four extension lines of railroad, in all over 8000 miles, conducting into the city.

The future of the Great West is beyond the grasp of the most enlarged minds, and can scarcely be exaggerated by the most sanguine.

Beech Spring, N. C., Feb. 22, 1857.

RICH.—It has already been announced that there is a great wedding on foot in Europe—namely, that of Mr. Lionel Rothschild, of Paris, to Mademoiselle de Rothschild, of London. They are cousins, and have more money than, to use a significant phrase, "a mule can pull down hill." Happy pair! none but the rich deserve the fair! This is said of the event:

This union is styled *le mariage milliard*. The extraordinary beauty of the Jewish bride, the immensity of the fortune, and the magnificence of the corbeille, render the celebration of the nuptials quite an event in Parisian society. Fabulous accounts are given of the extraordinary richness and extravagance of the corbeille. The breads, wines, eschusures and

embroideries surpass all that the manufactures of the continent have ever produced. The bridegroom is said to have found even the *chefs d'œuvre* of the lace works of Brussels and Alençon at moderate prices, that he proposed, as a substitute for the bridal costume, a silk robe, embroidered in pearls, with flounces formed of 10000 francs bank notes. At the marriage banquet will be displayed the massive and colossal service of silver, far surpassing in magnificence that possessed by any crowned head of Europe, and the famous Sevres china, which belonged to Marie Antoinette, and for which, besides a very large amount of ready money, M. de Rothschild pays a yearly sum of 10,000 francs.

FROM OUR MEMPHIS CORRESPONDENT.
MEMPHIS, Tenn., Feb. 13, '57

Dear Times:—The smiling impression of your "set-up forms," all radiant and inviting, has been greeting me for several weeks, and I should have congratulated you, ere this late day, upon your fine appearance in your "new dress." You do, indeed, look elegant, and give assurance that much care, labor and expense have been lavished upon you, that you may be made worthy to enter the most refined and intelligent Southern society. What mind, that is fond of that which is morally, socially and intellectually beautiful, will refuse you a place at the fire-side or in the home-circle? May you long live to adorn the high position you have taken—to instruct, instruct and benefit all whom you chance to meet, as you pursue your course on the road of science, virtue and literature.

It is profitable and sometimes pleasant to pause and reflect upon the Past. Another year is gone, and how rapidly is the present passing from us. Another leaf in the Book of Time has been turned. With all its pleasing associations and sad reflections, 1856 is now a record of the Past.

How has it been with you, my friend? Have you the satisfaction of saying that it has been wisely improved and your time profitably employed? Or does the bitter reflection come that you have been too untidy—too over-bearing—too unkind—too negligent—too intemperate—too much lashed by impetuous passions for that or the other which tends to evil? Have you performed your duty to the world and yourself magnanimously and squarely? If so, "This, my friend, bids present rapture rise, Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies."

The goodly city of Memphis is still making rapid strides in its march of improvement and commercial importance. It has arrived now at the "five-story era," and numerous buildings to that height are being erected in the more business part of the city. Three railroads are now in operation, running out from the city to the east, north and south; and the fourth, running to the west, bids fair to be constructed. I allude to the Memphis & Little Rock railroad; which has recently received assistance by the corporation applying the Navy Yard Grounds to carry on the enterprise.

One of the foulest murders that ever darkened the records of crime was perpetrated in this city last Monday evening just after dark. The victim was a steady, inoffensive, high-minded young man in the employ of a large dry-goods house, who resided with his mother in the suburbs of the city, and was on his way home when he was felled by a blow upon the head, and then stabbed, as is supposed, and his body placed upon the railroad track. He was discovered just before life was extinct and a few minutes before the arrival of the cars. No positive clue has yet been had as to the perpetration of this bloody deed, and no reason can be assigned for it. The young man, Wm. G. Tanner, I knew well, and it is not known that he had an enemy in the world. Much excitement has been caused in the community, and large rewards have been offered for the arrest of the murderer or murderers. I will change to a more pleasant topic.

A few weeks since I was delighted to meet in this city the familiar faces of my friends, Dr. H. W. Cole and Messrs. Ruf. Unthank and R. Mendelhall of your dearly remembered town. They remained here several days, and I imagine they formed opinions so favorable of this "neck of the woods," that they may soon come amongst us to take up a permanent abode. Among others, who at the same time made up the "Bunkum Camp," were Lucien N. Bruce, F. M. Paul, Saml. Shelton and myself. Indeed, "we had some happy hours together," and the beautiful town of Greensboro, with many pleasing scenes and incidents of the past, passed in bright review before us. Franc. Paul, formerly of the "Wadesboro Argus," has located here and connected himself with the "Morning" and "Evening News," one of the best papers in the city. For fear I weary you I say Good-by.

R. W. S.

COLLEGE OF CHARLESTON.—We learn from the Charleston papers, that N. R. Middleton, Esq., has been chosen President of this Institution, vice Wm. PENNONKIN FINLEY, Esq., resigned.

MR. FINLEY has discharged the duties of President, for many years, with great ability, and it is to be deeply regretted that declining health constrains him to retire. His successor is considered a gentleman in every respect well qualified.

BECOMING POOR.—Copper cents being about to disappear from our currency, in a few years this wealthy nation will have "a few reds."

TEXAS.—There are now one hundred and fifteen counties in the flourishing State of Texas, and territory for as many more.

This image shows a vertical strip of a document page. The left side is a white margin, and the right side is a dark, almost black area containing faint, illegible text. The text appears to be a list or a series of entries, but the characters are too small and blurry to read.

Now A Days.

BY BEN BLOOMER.

A rich man's foolishness is prized, His folly never feared; The wisdom of the poor despised, His words are seldom heard.

The Solomon, but few will heed Their lips disperse; But let the "golden" take the lead— He sits and down in front!

When worth a tattered mantle wears, The truth is seldom told; But Vice a virtue 'e'en appears If "plated" o'er with gold.

Now all but intellects too weak To value "what from which," Will understand I do not seek To underrate the rich.

(For many people such there be Possessed of "worldly" wit, And then "my darling don't you see" I'm "sorter so myself.")

But 'tis a perfect shame and sin, And shows the Devil about, To see the rich man "counted in," The poor man "counted out."

When intellect may be as strong, And virtue just as good— Oh shameful! such a crying wrong Puts "favor" in my blood.

Oh that a brighter moral sun Each principle may pull; That on his merits every one May either stand or fall.

ALL VA.

THE YOUTH.

HESSIE ABBOT.

CHAPTER XI.

A new care devolved on Hessie. Laura Taylor, who had never been very strong in health, now that her disease assumed an alarming character, much of Hossie's leisure time, was spent at the bedside of her invalid cousin. Laura felt instinctively that the Father would soon call her home, and she now more plainly saw the danger of her sinful situation as regards her soul. She saw the depravity of her nature, the evil of her disposition and she prayed for a new heart, with which she should not be afraid to die. Children think of this! When you are laid upon a death bed, remember in order to have it one of peace and calmness, your accounts with God must be settled. But if you have your sins to be forgiven on a dying bed, it will be a sorrowful season.

Laura failed rapidly; for her disordered state of mind accelerated the disease and hurried her to the tomb. The body is affected in accordance with the mind. If the mind is diseased, the physical frame will suffer accordingly; but if the mind is at peace with God and man, it ameliorates the sufferings of the body.

"Oh Hossie, if I had been as good as you, I should not now have such a fear of death; it would have lost its sting and I could have looked forward to my earthly dissolution with great joy."

"Laura, I am but human, do not take me for a pattern of Christianity; I am not worthy, no not me."

"But, Hossie, you have always obeyed the religious instruction you have received, and though I have not received the same kind, yet I have disregarded even that almost wholly."

"Weep not now, Laura, over mispent time, but rejoice that there is yet time and space for repentance. The fountain of Truth is never diminished, and bountiful draughts from its limpid waves, but adds a gem in the seat of the fountain which is in heaven."

"Oh! Hossie pray that I may yet be received into the fold of the immaculate Redeemer, there to dwell with Christ and his angels."

"Pray without ceasing, and that Father that turns not a deaf ear to supplications, will listen with a loving pity."

The declining sun warned Hossie that she must take her departure for home. So bidding Laura a sweet good night and imprinting an affectionate kiss, bade her good night.

And she slowly wended her way to her happy home with joyful, and yet sad emotions. Joyful that Laura had come to a state of her sinfulness, and that she must now part with her when the blossom of imperishable fragrance was just expanding to mortal admiration. The incense was already diffusing a pleasing odor in this household, but oh, when the stem will be snapped, the perfume fingers still to enrich our senses.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HOW TO JUDGE OF THE CHARACTER OF A BOOK.—La Bruyere says, "When a person of feeling and discernment reads a book, and it excites in him elevated thoughts, he may be sure the work is good, and he needs no other mode of proving it."

Drink deep of learning; but avoid muddy and impure fountains. There are "waters of life," crystal, and refreshing as the dew from heaven; there are also waters of death, dark, turbid, and baneful as the fias. Who would not prefer the former to the latter? The one quenches the thirst of the soul, the other aggravates and enures it. It is just as necessary that we should choose between good books and bad, as that we should prefer wholesome aliment to deadly poison.

THINK OF THIS.—Antisthenes was asked what he got by learning. His reply was that he could talk to himself without being beholden to others for the delight of good company.

ESSAY ON MAN.

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild; At thirty, tame, if ever;

At forty, wise, at fifty, rich; At sixty, good, or never.

The less a man does, the more fuss he makes. A hen with one chicken does more scratching than if she were blessed with a family of fifteen.

"Mother, mayn't I have the big Bible in your room?"

"Yes my son, I am glad to see you desirous of perusing that Book. What do you most want to see in it?"

"I only want to see whether I can smash flies in it like Bill Smith does at school!"

Mind your own affairs. Let all the errors you see in others' management suggest corrections in your own. Good and wholesome advice.

People never improve after marriage. The girl that's insolent to her parents will be very apt to give "sass" to her husband.

Some person was once asked why B. stood before C? Because, was the answer, a man must B before he can C.

In reference to ladies' dresses, it is no longer customary to say: "The height," but "the breadth of fashion."

Old ideas, like old clothes, put carefully away, come out again after a time almost as good as new.

A felon generally appears at the end of a finger and sometimes at the end of a rope

"What are you going to give me for a Christmas present?" asked a gay young dame of her lover.

"I have nothing to offer but my humble self," was the reply.

"The smallest favors gratefully received," was the response.

A lady was asked, the other day why she chose to live a single life, and simply replied, "Because I am not able to support a husband."

LAZY BOYS.—A lazy boy makes a lazy man, just as sure as a crooked twig makes a crooked tree.—Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a shifless vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearance? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals, that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses, have come up to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community, those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

LOOKING AT HIMSELF.—When we were travelling on a Mississippi steamboat, a short time since, we encountered a near-sighted individual, slightly obtuse, who had entered the cabin and saw himself reflected in a mirror opposite. He was near enough to observe that the face looked familiar to him, and so, thinking that the person might possibly be a blood relative from that section of the country, he inquired with the blandest expression he could assume:

"Is your name Brown?"

No response, of course, and he repeated the question in a louder key:

"Is your name Brown?"

Still no answer, and our maudlin friend, with some show of anger, in a louder tone asked:

"Is your name Brown?"

Finding his supposed relative was determined to "cut" him, he threw himself back upon his dignity and assuming an intensely indignant expression of countenance, he remarked:

"Well, your name may be Brown, but if it is, you don't belong to our crowd—you're an accidental Brown—you're no gentleman, sir, no how."

With this heroic, and putting on a majestic frown, took a zigzag course towards his state-room.

MEN OF AMERICA—MEN OF THE AGE.—The greatest man, "take him all in all," of the last hundred years, was George Washington—an American.

The greatest Doctor of Divinity was Jonathan Edwards—an American.

The greatest Philosopher was Benjamin Franklin—an American.

The greatest of living Sculptors is Hiram Powers—an American.

A Yankee editor says the girls complain that the times are so hard that the boys can't pay their addresses.

To Make Whiteash that will not Rub Off.—Mix up half a pailful of lime and water ready to put on the wall; then take one gill of flour and mix it with the water; then pour on it boiling water sufficient to thicken it; pour it while hot into the whiteash; stir well together, and it is ready for use.

ANOTHER NIMROD.—Mr. John B. Stany, an intelligent and wealthy planter, residing near Newnanville, East Florida, is probably the most successful hunter in the State. Besides his almost daily presence on his plantation during the last twenty-five years, he has killed at least ten thousand deer, one hundred wolves, sixty panthers and twelve bears! Is there a man in the country who has had a larger gamebag?

NOVEL SHIPMENT.—Fifty hives of bees were received in New York recently by the Erie Railroad for shipment to California. They came from Sullivan county, and the owner goes out with them in the George Law on the 24th.

FARM HOUSE AND FURN.

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore. Greensboro, N. C. 22-7m

How to Keep Smoked Hams.—Hams can be secured and sweetly preserved through summer by packing them in cobs; first a layer of cobs in the bottom of the cask; then hams and cobs until you finish the whole. Be particular that they do not come in contact with each other. Unbroken cobs I would prefer, but broken cobs selected, will answer. It would be necessary to take them out once in summer, and give them a dry rubbing. Your cask should stand upon a bench in a dry cool cellar. Having packed in this way, the cobs absorb the heat and air sufficient to keep them fresh and fine. It has been my practice for more than ten years, to treat my hams in this way, and I never lost one. You take them out perfectly clean, not plastered, not ashed, not greased; neither is there any chaff to be swept off. Casks to be covered.—Mich Farmer.

CULTURE OF ROOT CROPS.—Messrs. Tucker & Son—I send you my method of cultivating root crops, and should be of benefit to any one I shall be repaid by hearing from them through your paper.

I plow the ground intended for roots, very deeply, either late in the spring, and let it remain so until I get ready to plant. I plant. I then harrow it well, and for every acre of ground I put on twenty or more loads of well rotted stable or hog manure, spreading evenly on the ground so that all gets a due portion. I then cross-plow to the depth of ten or twelve inches, and pulverize with the harrow as finely as possible. Next I sow about five barrels hen manure, well pulverized, broadcast, and use a shovel plow in making drills because it gathers all the hen manure to the top of the drills, where my plants get the most good from the manure. I plant on top of drills

Carrots and Mangel Wurzel I sow from 20th May to 1st June; Purple Top Ruta Baga turnips, 20th June. I found last season, by sowing my seed from 24 to 48 hours, and rolling it in plaster, that it all came up a week or ten days sooner, and consequently they had an even start with the weeds, which is no small item in weeding. As soon as they will do, I thin them—say carrots four inches, mangel wurzels from four to eight inches, and turnips the same distance. I keep the weeds as close down as possible until the plants cover the ground.

The manner of harvesting is easily understood, and each will follow his own way. My carrots I plow out, being more expeditious than the spade.

Amount of seed used—every one may use his own judgment—for carrots two and a half pounds per acre is my rule, and mangel wurzels four pounds, turnips three pounds. The distance between rows from eighteen to twenty inches. The cultivator and hoe are in constant motion to keep down the weeds. J. WALLACE, Victory, N. Y.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—These delicacies are in vogue just now. We regard them as being far from wholesome food; nevertheless, they appeal so strongly to the palate, that most persons will eat them; and as we desire to do what we can to prevent ill consequences from their use, we transfer from an exchange an approved way of preparing them:

"To every three bushels of buckwheat, add one of good heavy oats; grind them together as if there were only buckwheat; then will you have cakes always light and always brown, to say nothing of the greater digestibility, and the lightening of spirits, which are equally certain."

A PRECIOUS PULLET.—"A subscriber" to the Country Gentleman writes an account of a somewhat remarkable pullet:

"Messrs. Editors—I noticed in the Country Gentleman an account of a precious pullet, which commenced laying at four months old—sat, and hatched a litter of chickens by the first of November, she being then about six months old."

"That 'Blue Nose,' and others, may know that we have as smart pullets, to say nothing about anything else, down in the old Bay State as in Her Majesty's fact. I had a pullet, a cross between the Black Bantam and Black Spanish, which was hatched the 16th of March; she commenced laying the 20th of July, and laid twelve or thirteen eggs in as many successive days. She then sat, and hatched nine chickens on the 23d of August, and raised them all, being eight pullets and a crower. She commenced laying again in December following, and continued to lay through the winter, with occasional intermission.

"After having had experience with nearly all of the different varieties of fowls, I think I can safely say that I know of no kind that, for early and constant laying, excel, or even equal, this cross of the Black Bantam and Black Spanish breeds."

SICK ROOMS.—Fresh ground coffee is strongly recommended as a deodorizer and purifier in sick rooms.

To Clean Marble.—Mix up a quantity of very strong soap ley with quick lime to the consistency of milk, and lay it on the marble you wish to clean, where it may remain twenty-four or thirty hours; afterwards wash off with soap water, and it will appear as if new.—Scientific American.

Corrupt persons desiring to lesson their circumference, should apply to some newspaper establishment for the office of collector.

Cabinet Furniture

AND COTTAGE BEDSTEADS, MANUFACTURED BY JOS. SEARS.

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore. Greensboro, N. C. 22-7m

E. W. OGBURN, dealer in School, Religious, Scientific, Standard, prose and Poetical works in General Literature; Law Books, Miscellaneous, Albums, Music and Musical Instruments, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c. &c. Market Street, second square from the court house.

PETER TURSTON, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. LARGE quantity of Furniture kept constantly on hand, or made to order. Also, agent for Fisk's Patent Metallic Casket Cases. January, 1857. 58-1y

DRUGS! DRUGS! DRUGS!!! UST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics. Also, SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled. Prescription carefully put up at all hours by W. C. PORTER.

J. D. CUNNINGHAM, C. W. STUBBS, GUNNING & STUBBS, Commission and Forwarding MERCHANTS, WILMINGTON, N. C.

TWELVE Sermons by Dr. Deems, Just received and for sale by E. W. OGBURN.

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anchor Brand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted to deliver at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad. R. G. LINDSAY, April, 1856. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

Grain and Grass Reapers. Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans. Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers. Revolving Horse Rakes. Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles. Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities. Seytles Stones and Rakes, &c. &c. Also, Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill. Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal. Scott's Little Giant, all sizes. Sinclair's Little Champion, & Corn & Cob Leavel's improved Young Crushers. American. McGregor's Agricultural Bolders, all sizes. Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters. Corn Shellers, &c. &c. all of which may be had of Manufacturers' prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES (27-1y) Raleigh, N. C.

N. C. FREEMAN, ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO., IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF STAPLE AND FANCY SILK GOODS. No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia. 1856. 2-ly

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, HAVING moved into his new shop, one door below the Book Store, West Market, Greensboro, N. C., would respectfully return thanks to the citizens of Greensboro and vicinity for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed; and he hopes by diligence and punctuality, with his long experience in cutting and making, that he will continue to merit and receive a liberal patronage. He has a regularly established agency by which he receives the latest Paris, New York and Philadelphia FASHIONS which gentlemen are invited to examine for themselves. For further information, address the Principal or Jesse Penbow, Secretary of the Board, Oak Ridge P. O., N. C. (51-3m)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, KNOXVILLE, TENN. ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among many others: Hon. Thomas Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt, W. R. Albright, Abner, J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindsey, Chatham; F. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, J. Remond, Gooden, J. Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G. H. Williams, Person. 6-1y

DISSOLUTION.—The Firm of Harrell & Moring has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the Firm will be settled by W. Harrell. Sept., 1856. HARRELL & MORING.

Tailoring—Fall and Winter Fashions.—Geo. W. Harrell takes this method of informing the public that he has received his supply of Paris, New York and Philadelphia Fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1856. From my long experience, and the many advantages I have had, having been a pupil of Mr. J. W. Albright, of Philadelphia, celebrated for his skill in the art, I flatter myself that I can give the best of service to my customers in this country. I hereby return my grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage I have received since I have been in business here, and hope to merit and receive a liberal share of public favor. My Shop is up stairs, over the Store of Mr. Wm. S. Gilmer, and immediately opposite the Bland House. G. W. HARRELL, Oct., 1856. 40-1y

SELLING OFF AT COST! FALL & WINTER CLOTHING. HAVING determined to sell out my heavy stock of Clothing, I will dispose of, such as Over Coats, and other heavy Articles, at Greatly Reduced Prices, for a few days only. Those in need of Ready-Made Clothing will find it to their interest by calling on me soon, as I intend to sell at reduced prices for cash. S. ARCHER, East Market St., opposite the Farmers' Bank, Greensboro, Dec. 18, 1856.

A New Book. The Old North Star in 1770; Sec. ed. by E. W. OGBURN, D.D. Just published, and for sale by E. W. OGBURN. Aug., 1856.

LAMPS. A large lot of FRUIT LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

A meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including everything necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, \$4.50 per month. Paid at the end of the Term, 75c. This will reduce the necessary expenses to about \$105 per annum, for the highest rates. Next term commences September 1st. S. CRAYEN. 31-1y

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER, DEALERS IN FAMILY GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Cheese, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soap, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Sauces, &c. &c. REFERENCES.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, J. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. H. of Raleigh, J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensboro, &c. &c.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS. RECOLLECTIONS OF A Lifetime. R. Tit for Tat, a reply to "Pul": Maple-land Hesperus, by the author of "Zodiac"; Live and Let Live; Price of the House of David; Missing Links; Spargue, the modern White-father; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store. E. W. OGBURN & Co. Jan. 1857.

PROSPECTUS OF THE Free-Will Baptist Journal! THE Annual Conference of the Original Free-Will Baptist of North Carolina, being desirous of publishing a weekly newspaper, bearing the above name, the undersigned Committee were authorized, at the last Conference, to issue this Prospectus. They design publishing a family paper, which will be religious in tone and sentiment, and maintain the doctrines and usages of the Free-Will Baptist Church, and will be devoted to the general interests of the State. In fact it is designed to furnish intelligence for every class of readers. In size and appearance the JOURNAL will be equal to most religious papers in the State, and it is hoped to render it so interesting and instructive as to attract patronage from the public.

The Journal will be published at two dollars (\$2) per annum, (invariably in advance). The first number will be issued as soon as the list of subscribers will justify its publication. It is desirable that a list of subscribers be secured as possible.—Ministers and all others favorable to the work, are respectfully solicited to secure and forward the names of as many subscribers as possible, (being particular to write the subscriber's name and Post Office in a plain hand).

The Journal will be published under the supervision of a committee appointed for that purpose. The payment will be required on the approval of the first number.

All subscriptions, and letters relating to the paper, must be directed to J. H. Jackson, Kingston, N. C., until further notice.

JESSE H. HOLTON, Committee.

J. H. JACKSON, J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DEPT 11818, Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensboro and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are applied qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty. The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms (on Market Street two doors above the Bland House) in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired. January 1, 1856. 1-ly

OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE. GUILFORD COUNTY, N. C. THE Spring Session of Oak Ridge Institute will open on Tuesday (the 17th day) of February, under the instruction of REV. T. S. WHITTINGTON, A.B., with competent assistants.

As the principal has had five years experience in training the youthful mind, the Trustees feel confident in recommending the School. This Institution is located in a highly refined and moral community, in the Northwest part of Guilford county, near the town of Danville, 15 miles from the former and 50 from the latter place. It is 15 miles from Greensboro, at which place, students coming on the Cars, take the Salem stage to Kernersville, thence by stage conveyance to the Institution a distance of 7 miles.

The Institution offers every facility necessary to prepare young men for the highest Collegiate Classes, or, if continued with us to make them preachers of the Gospel, and to the citizens of Greensboro and vicinity for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed; and he hopes by diligence and punctuality, with his long experience in cutting and making, that he will continue to merit and receive a liberal patronage. He has a regularly established agency by which he receives the latest Paris, New York and Philadelphia FASHIONS which gentlemen are invited to examine for themselves. For further information, address the Principal or Jesse Penbow, Secretary of the Board, Oak Ridge P. O., N. C. (51-3m)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, KNOXVILLE, TENN. ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among many others: Hon. Thomas Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt, W. R. Albright, Abner, J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindsey, Chatham; F. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, J. Remond, Gooden, J. Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G. H. Williams, Person. 6-1y

DISSOLUTION.—The Firm of Harrell & Moring has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the Firm will be settled by W. Harrell. Sept., 1856. HARRELL & MORING.

Tailoring—Fall and Winter Fashions.—Geo. W. Harrell takes this method of informing the public that he has received his supply of Paris, New York and Philadelphia Fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1856. From my long experience, and the many advantages I have had, having been a pupil of Mr. J. W. Albright, of Philadelphia, celebrated for his skill in the art, I flatter myself that I can give the best of service to my customers in this country. I hereby return my grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage I have received since I have been in business here, and hope to merit and receive a liberal share of public favor. My Shop is up stairs, over the Store of Mr. Wm. S. Gilmer, and immediately opposite the Bland House. G. W. HARRELL, Oct., 1856. 40-1y

SELLING OFF AT COST! FALL & WINTER CLOTHING. HAVING determined to sell out my heavy stock of Clothing, I will dispose of, such as Over Coats, and other heavy Articles, at Greatly Reduced Prices, for a few days only. Those in need of Ready-Made Clothing will find it to their interest by calling on me soon, as I intend to sell at reduced prices for cash. S. ARCHER, East Market St., opposite the Farmers' Bank, Greensboro, Dec. 18, 1856.

SOUTHERN LOTTERY on the Havana

Drawn 1st Prize \$100,000! 2nd Prize \$50,000! 3rd Prize \$25,000! 4th Prize \$10,000! 5th Prize \$5,000! 6th Prize \$2,500! 7th Prize \$1,000! 8th Prize \$500! 9th Prize \$250! 10th Prize \$100! 11th Prize \$50! 12th Prize \$25! 13th Prize \$10! 14th Prize \$5! 15th Prize \$2! 16th Prize \$1! 17th Prize \$0.50! 18th Prize \$0.25! 19th Prize \$0.10! 20th Prize \$0.05! 21st Prize \$0.02! 22nd Prize \$0.01! 23rd Prize \$0.005! 24th Prize \$0.002! 25th Prize \$0.001! 26th Prize \$0.0005! 27th Prize \$0.0002! 28th Prize \$0.0001! 29th Prize \$0.00005! 30th Prize \$0.00002! 31st Prize \$0.00001! 32nd Prize \$0.000005! 33rd Prize \$0.000002! 34th Prize \$0.000001! 35th Prize \$0.0000005! 36th Prize \$0.0000002! 37th Prize \$0.0000001! 38th Prize \$0.00000005! 39th Prize \$0.00000002! 40th Prize \$0.00000001! 41st Prize \$0.000000005! 42nd Prize \$0.000000002! 43rd Prize \$0.000000001! 44th Prize \$0.0000000005! 45th Prize \$0.0000000002! 46th Prize \$0.0000000001! 47th Prize \$0.00000000005! 48th Prize \$0.00000000002! 49th Prize \$0.00000000001! 50th Prize \$0.000000000005! 51st Prize \$0.000000000002! 52nd Prize \$0.000000000001! 53rd Prize \$0.0000000000005! 54th Prize \$0.0000000000002! 55th Prize \$0.0000000000001! 56th Prize \$0.00000000000005! 57th Prize \$0.00000000000002! 58th Prize \$0.00000000000001! 59th Prize \$0.000000000000005! 60th Prize \$0.000000000000002! 61st Prize \$0.000000000000001! 62nd Prize \$0.0000000000000005! 63rd Prize \$0.0000000000000002! 64th Prize \$0.0000000000000001! 65th Prize \$0.00000000000000005! 66th Prize \$0.00000000000000002! 67th Prize \$0.00000000000000001! 68th Prize \$0.000000000000000005! 69th Prize \$0.000000000000000002! 70th Prize \$0.000000000000000001! 71st Prize \$0.0000000000000000005! 72nd Prize \$0.0000000000000000002! 73rd Prize \$0.0000000000000000001! 74th Prize \$0.00000000000000000005! 75th Prize \$0.00000000000000000002! 76th Prize \$0.00000000000000000001! 77th Prize \$0.000000000000000000005! 78th Prize \$0.000000000000000000002! 79th Prize \$0.000000000000000000001! 80th Prize \$0.0000000000000000000005! 81st Prize \$0.0000000000000000000002! 82nd Prize \$0.0